

Unfinished Thought, Quiet

So What If I Find A Different Way
To Face The Day

To Hear You Say
You're Wrong
But I'm Right
It's My Song

I'm Running
I'm Flooding

From The Faces
That Won't Try To Fight

From The Places
That Hide In The Night

I'm Stopping
I'm Drowning

How Are You To Know
Which Way To Go

When You Haven't Heard
The Subduing Cries
In My Head

I Know This Has Been Said
But I'm Not Dead Yet

I'm Running
I'm Flooding

From The Faces
That Won't Try To Fight

From The Places
That Hide In The Night

I'm Stopping
I'm Drowning